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DIARY LOVES

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• Part of Contents •

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1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale: manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
13. How much sleep do you need?
14. When is a girl "smarterly dressed?"
15. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or fuller.
16. How to dress if you are very tall.
17. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do.
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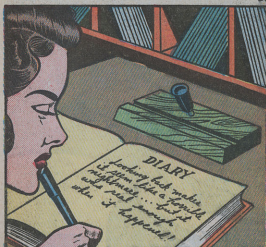
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I PLAYED *with* FIRE

THERE WAS DANGER IN MATT RANDALL'S KISSES... BUT I WANTED THEM, DESPERATELY, HUNGRILY... UNTIL SUDDENLY A YAWNING CHASM OF DESTRUCTION OPENED UP BEFORE ME AND THROUGH A HAZE OF TREACHERY AND DECEIT I COULD SEE MY WHOLE WORLD BEING DRAGGED DOWN TO SHAME AND RUIN!



DIARY LOVES



I began the night I was to give Jim Escott his answer! I was tormented by doubts!



IT WOULD PUT MY MIND AT EASE IF I KNEW YOU WERE SAFE WITH A PROSAIC MAN! THE DEVIL-MAY-CARE, ROMANTIC LIFE HAS ITS HAZARDS! JIM WILL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES! I DO HOPE YOU'LL SAY YES, FAY!



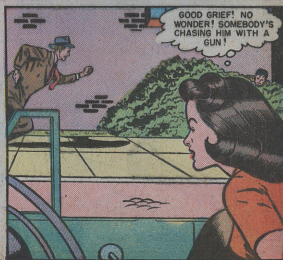
Suddenly, it was too much for me! Frantically, I ran out of the house...



I got into my car and drove aimlessly up and down the streets



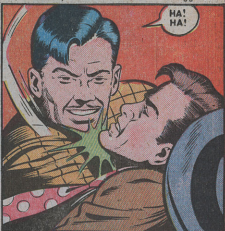
Then as I passed the Olympus Galleries the finger of Fate must have beckoned...



DIARY LOVES



Spellbound, I watched the brief struggle...



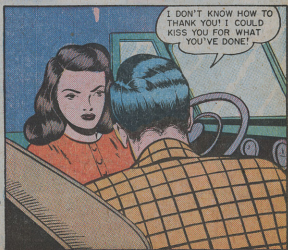
BUT...!



Something about the man's presence at my side stirred my blood! I talked to cover up the confusion mounting within me!



I wasn't even aware how far we had driven! Then...



DIARY LOVES

Was that just a catch phrase or did it go deeper than that? Wildly, unreasonably, I wanted to know...and the next moment his lips were telling me...



Was I being a fool? I had rescued a stranger in the night and here I was...afire under his kisses!



I...I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME!

MATT RANDALL! AND I'LL JUST CALL YOU "ANGEL"!

Despite vague inner warnings, I couldn't help smiling! There was something so gay, so carefree about this man... something that warmed my blood...

I'M FAY SANDERS!

SANDERS?

YOU SEEM STARTLED! IT'S QUITE AN ORDINARY NAME!

OF COURSE! ALL THAT MATTERS IS SEEING YOU AGAIN, FAY!



WHENEVER YOU SAY, MATT!

TOMORROW WON'T BE TOO SOON! AND NOW IF YOU'LL DROP ME OFF NEAR THE ALDEN HOTEL I'LL CONSIDER IT A PERFECT EVENING!



I left Matt and then with my head swimming, my heart singing, I turned homeward!

OH, I'VE NEVER FELT THIS WAY BEFORE! I DIDN'T KNOW ONE COULD BE SO DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY!



DIARY LOVES

But as I approached my house I was brought sharply back to reality...



FAY, DARLING, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? YOUR FATHER AND I HAVE BEEN WORRYING ABOUT YOU!



I CAN'T TELL YOU ABOUT IT NOW, JIM! I'M SORRY!

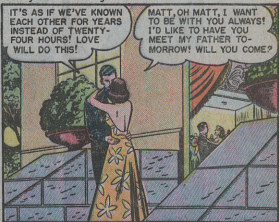
Rude and cruel though I knew it to be, I had to get away from Jim, had to be alone!



Alone in my room, I was like a pendulum swinging from one mood to another, from the warm glow brought on by the memory of Matt's kisses to an undefined foreboding of peril...



But the next day all that mattered was the imminence of my next meeting with Matt Randall...and later...



IT'S AS IF WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR YEARS INSTEAD OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! LOVE WILL DO THIS!

MATT, OH MATT, I WANT TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS! I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU MEET MY FATHER TOMORROW! WILL YOU COME?

Was that some womanly instinct seeking the protection of a parent in a relationship born in mystery? But Matt made it easy for me! He seemed to welcome the idea!



DARLING! DARLING!

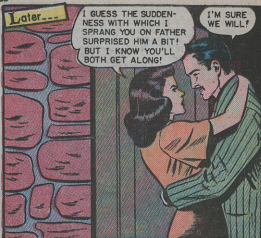
The following evening when Matt met my father...



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH FATHER? HE LOOKS AS IF HE'D SEEN A GHOST!

DIARY LOVES

The next instant my father seemed to have recovered from whatever had upset him...and the incident was forgotten!
Or was it?



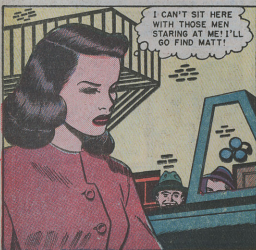
For a moment I thought I detected something so smugly assured in Matt's tone that it bordered on the sinister! But as always his kisses swept my fancies away!



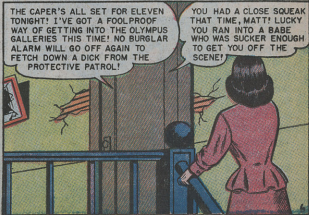
It was one afternoon about a week later that the big blow fell!



More strongly than ever before the vague doubts stirred within me...

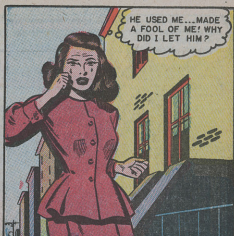


I went up a rickety flight of stairs...and then through a door I could hear Matt's voice!





Somebody was getting up behind that door and I knew I had to get away! Like a mad thing I dashed out of the house, down the street...



Father wasn't home and I did not answer the phone when it rang later! There was one thing I knew I had to do...



My heart beat like a triphammer but I moved unflinchingly toward the man whose dupe I had been....



IT'S TRUE, FAY! I'D RATHER HAVE DIED THAN HAVE YOU FIND ME HERE!

FATHER!

A volcano had erupted and all was chaos... but now the pieces were coming down, settling into a pattern!



FATHER...IT...IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME TO TIE IN MATT RANDALL'S MA-RAUDINGS HERE WITH THE FACT THAT YOU MAKE A LIVING AUTHENTICATING ANTIQUES! BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND!

YOUR FATHER AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS, FAY! HA! HA!

YOU HAVE SOME SORT OF HOLD ON FATHER! THAT'S WHY HE LOOKED SO SHOCKED WHEN I BROUGHT YOU TO THE HOUSE!

AND THAT'S WHY I WAS SO EAGER TO MEET HIM! THERE WAS JUST A CHANCE THAT THIS WAS THE SANDERS WHO COULD HELP ME!



THOSE TWO YEARS I WAS AWAY WHEN YOU WERE A CHILD, FAY... I WASN'T ON AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION AS YOUR MOTHER TOLD YOU... I WAS IN PRISON IN ENGLAND!

OH... FATHER!



I WAS A FOOL! I WANTED A STATUE OF AN EGYPTIAN SACRED CAT SO BADLY THAT I DIDN'T TROUBLE TO FIND OUT WHERE IT HAD COME FROM! IT HAD BEEN STOLEN!

THAT MADE YOUR PAPA THE FENCE! AND I KNEW ABOUT IT!



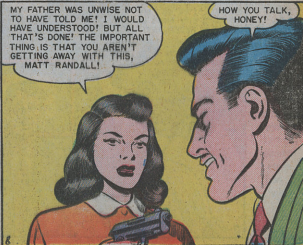
I SEE! YOU THREATENED TO TELL ME UNLESS HE HELPED YOU!

YOU CATCH ON! FOR A GUY LIKE YOUR FATHER WHO SPENDS SO MUCH TIME IN THESE GALLERIES IT WOULDN'T BE HARD TO SWIPE A KEY AND LET ME IN!



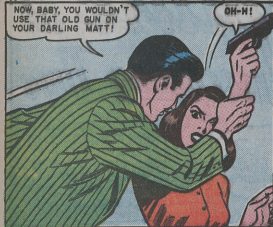
MY FATHER WAS UNWISE NOT TO HAVE TOLD ME! I WOULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD! BUT ALL THAT'S DONE! THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT YOU AREN'T GETTING AWAY WITH THIS, MATT RANDALL!

HOW YOU TALK, HONEY!

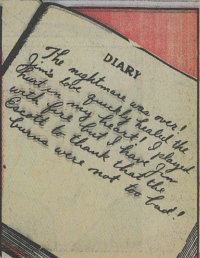
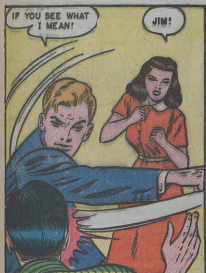
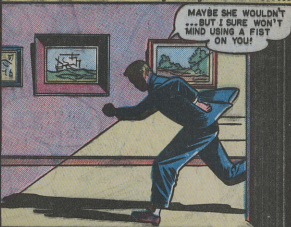


Old friends? This time there was no mistaking the sinister undercurrent in Matt's voice!

With a sudden movement Matt grabbed my wrist...



And then someone was whizzing through the darkness...



Rapture at Homecoming Time

DALE! YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME!

I LISTENED TOO MUCH! NOW YOU'VE GOT WHAT YOU WANTED, STAN! YOU'VE GOT MY FATHER'S JOB!

OH, DIARY, HOW COULD I DO IT? HOW COULD I LISTEN TO HIS PROMISES, REPLY TO HIS KISSES, WHEN ALL THE TIME HE WAS PLOTTING AGAINST DAD? I CAN NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!



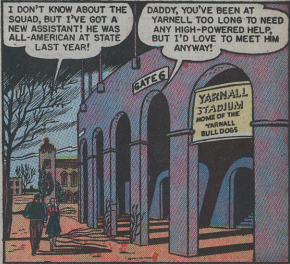
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE SQUAD, BUT I'VE GOT A NEW ASSISTANT! HE WAS ALL-AMERICAN AT STATE LAST YEAR!

DADDY, YOU'VE BEEN AT YARNALL TOO LONG TO NEED ANY HIGH-POWERED HELP, BUT I'D LOVE TO MEET HIM ANYWAY!

IT'S THE FIRST DAY OF PRACTICE, DALE! I WANT TO LOOK THE TEAM OVER!

SURE, DAD! WHAT KIND OF A SQUAD HAVE YOU GOT THIS SEASON?

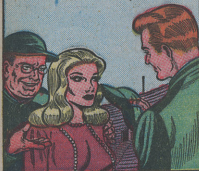
Dear diary,
When Dad casually invited me along this afternoon I had no warning of the thrill in store for me!



DIARY LOVES

DALE, MEET STAN HASTINGS, MY NEW BACKFIELD COACH!

MISS SANDERS, IF YOU'RE AN EXAMPLE OF THE STUDENT BODY HERE AT YARNALL, I KNOW I'M GOING TO WORK AWFULLY HARD TO BE A SUCCESS!



Dear diary, he's big and blond, and wonderful!

STAN, STEP NUMBER ONE WILL BE TO DROP THE FORMALTY AND CALL ME DALE!

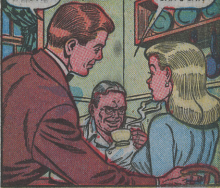
SWELL! I'D BETTER GET GOING! BE SEEING YOU... DALE!



After practice that evening, Stan dropped by with Dad for some coffee!

I WONDER IF THE BOSS WOULD OBJECT IF I TRIED TO WHISK HIS DAUGHTER AWAY TO A MOVIE?

SINCE YOU'RE BIGGER THAN I AM, WHAT CAN I SAY?



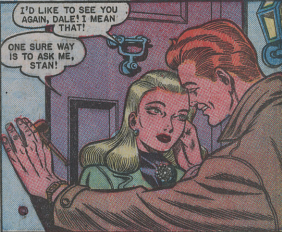
IT WAS A WONDERFUL PICTURE, STAN!

NOT NEARLY AS WONDERFUL AS THE PICTURE WHO'S WALKING RIGHT BESIDE ME!



I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, DALE! I MEAN THAT!

ONE SURE WAY IS TO ASK ME, STAN!



Diary, I've seen so much of Stan these past few weeks, but still I want to see more of him! Can it be love?



I ran into Toppo Wyatt today! I'd almost forgotten...



DIARY LOVES

There was a note in Toppo's voice I didn't like!

DON'T WORRY, YOUR COACH FRIEND WILL BE BUSY! SEE YOU SATURDAY!

At the game Toppo dropped a shattering bombshell into my garden of Eden!

WILL YOU STAY AT YARNELL WHEN YOUR POP MOVES ON, DALE?

TOPPO, THAT'S SILLY! DAD'S BEEN HERE FOR AGES!

YOU SEEM TO ENJOY DOING IT, DON'T YOU, TOPPO?

DON'T GET SORE AT ME, KITTEN! I'M JUST TELLING YOU WHAT I HEAR!

OF COURSE YOU REMEMBER, MY SWEET, THAT WE HAVE A DATE FOR THE OPENING GAME! WE MADE IT SIX MONTHS AGO!

OH-OH, YES! OF COURSE, TOPPO!

SMARTEN UP, KID! EVERYBODY KNOWS YOUR OLD MAN'S ON THE SKIDS... AND HASTINGS IS ANGLING FOR HIS JOB!

STAN? AFTER DAD'S JOB? THAT'S NOT TRUE!

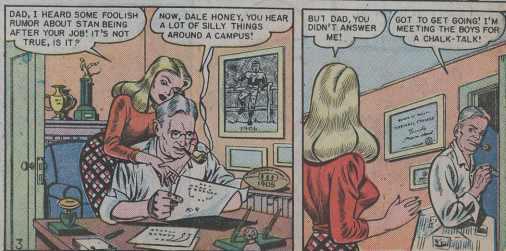
DAD, I HEARD SOME FOOLISH RUMOR ABOUT STAN BEING AFTER YOUR JOB! IT'S NOT TRUE, IS IT?

NOW, DALE HONEY, YOU HEAR A LOT OF SILLY THINGS AROUND A CAMPUS!

BUT DAD, YOU DIDN'T ANSWER ME!

GOT TO GET GOING! I'M MEETING THE BOYS FOR A CHALK-TALK!

Outwardly I was calm, but inwardly I seethed at Toppo's words I couldn't wait to see Dad!

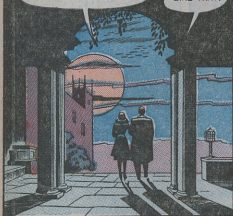


DIARY LOVES

Dear diary...Dad avoided my question! I'll ask Stan!

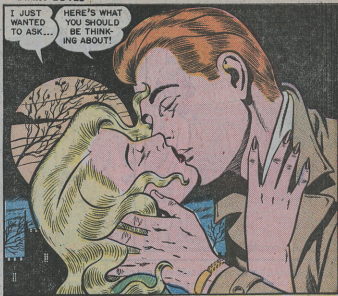
STAN, IT'S SILLY TO MENTION IT...BUT THERE'S SOME UGLY TALK THAT YOU'RE AFTER DAD'S JOB!

YOU'RE TOO PRETTY TO BE WORRYING ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT!



I JUST WANTED TO ASK...

HERE'S WHAT YOU SHOULD BE THINKING ABOUT!



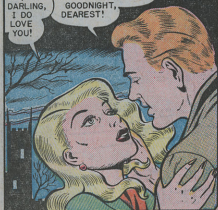
The sudden, surging thrill of his kiss drove all other thoughts from my mind!

DARLING, IF YOU CAN USE A MAN WITH A STRONG BACK AND A WEAK MIND, I'M YOURS!



OH, MY DARLING, I DO LOVE YOU!

THEN WE'RE A TEAM! GOODNIGHT, DEAREST!



Those words of Stan's... the words I had been longing to hear...were all but drowned out by the beating of my heart! I rushed in to tell Dad... then stopped as I heard him on the phone!

NEXT YEAR'S SPRING PRACTICE? YOU'D BETTER CHECK WITH HASTINGS, BECAUSE HE'LL BE RUNNING THE TEAM!



YES THE RUNNING OF THE TEAM WILL BE OUT OF MY HANDS NEXT SEASON!

THEN IT IS TRUE! STAN IS GETTING DAD'S JOB!



Oh diary, how can I write with the tears blotting every page? I hate Stan for what he's done, but yet I think I love him, too!



DIARY LOVES

I don't know if I can live without Stan, but after what he's done to Dad I have no choice!



HELLO, DARLING!
YOU'RE OUT EARLY
TODAY!

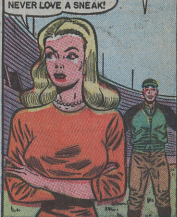
I WANT TO TELL YOU
TO YOUR FACE! DON'T
EVER SPEAK TO ME
AGAIN!

DALE! WHAT'S
THE MATTER?
LAST NIGHT YOU
SAID...



I REMEMBER WHAT I
SAID LAST NIGHT, BUT
I'M DOING MY BEST TO
FORGET IT! I COULD
NEVER LOVE A SNEAK!

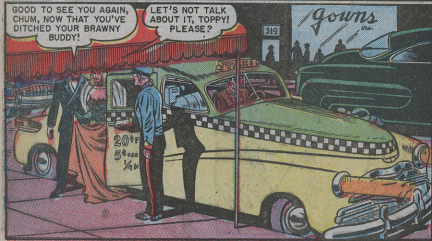
DALE,
PLEASE!



Dear diary I've thrown myself into my classwork...been seeing Toppy constantly...and perhaps soon I'll forget...Stan!

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN,
CHUM, NOW THAT YOU'VE
DITCHED YOUR BRAUNNY
BUDDY!

LET'S NOT TALK
ABOUT IT, TOPPY!
PLEASE?



A PLEASURE!
LET'S TALK
ABOUT SOME-
THING LIKE
YOU AND ME!

TOPPY, NO!
IT WOULDN'T
BE FAIR TO
YOU!



Dear diary...
At last the
season is
over! Tonight,
at the
athletic dinner,
they'll probably
announce the
bad news! At
least I'll
be leaving
Yarnall...
and Stan
Hastings!



WE'RE JUST IN TIME,
DALE! THE SHINDIG'S
JUST STARTING!

Stan tried to meet my eye, but I looked away!
Mr. Fenton, the director of athletics, rose to
speak!

I'VE GOT SOMETHING VERY
IMPORTANT TO SAY TO
YARNALL FOLLOWERS
TONIGHT!





THIS IS IT!
FIRST OF ALL, MEET OUR NEW FOOTBALL COACH! STAN HASTINGS!



Suddenly I couldn't stand it any more!

DALE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

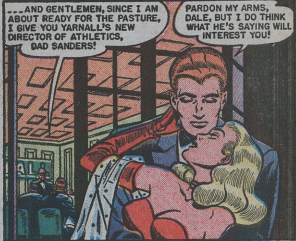
I SUDDENLY FEEL THE NEED OF SOME FRESH AIR!

Someone came up behind me on the terrace! I thought it was Dad... but then I heard his voice! Even now it thrilled me!



LISTEN TO THE REST OF MR. FENTON'S SPEECH, DALE! I THINK YOU'LL LEARN SOMETHING!

YOU'VE HAD YOUR LAUGH ON DAD AND ME! NOW GO AWAY!



...AND GENTLEMEN, SINCE I AM ABOUT READY FOR THE PASTURE, I GIVE YOU YARNALL'S NEW DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS, DAD SANDERS!

PARDON MY ARMS, DALE, BUT I DO THINK WHAT HE'S SAYING WILL INTEREST YOU!



W-WHY, DAD, YOU'RE DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS! THAT'S WHAT YOU ALWAYS HOPED FOR!

I'M SORRY I COULDN'T TELL YOU, DALE BUT THE TRUSTEES SWORE ME TO SECRECY!



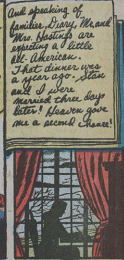
THEN Y-YOU WEREN'T OUT AFTER DAD'S JOB!

DARLING, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT THIS! THEN WHEN THEY TOLD ME YOUR DAD WAS MOVING UP! I HAD TO PROMISE NOT TO SAY ANYTHING!



OH, STAN, CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?

ON ONE CONDITION... THAT YOU BECOME MRS. HASTINGS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! AFTER ALL, YOU WANT TO KEEP THIS COACHING JOB IN THE FAMILY!

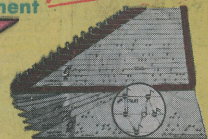
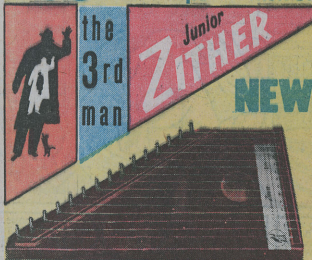


And speaking of families, Diary, Mr. and Mrs. Hastings are expecting a little little American. That dinner was a year ago. Stan and I were married three days later! Heaven gave me a second chance!

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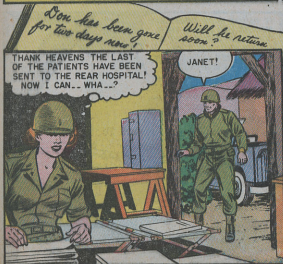
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BELOVED ENEMY



WHEN I BECAME LT. JANET DREW, U.S. ARMY NURSE, TWO YEARS AGO HOW COULD I HAVE FORESEEN WHAT WAR WOULD REALLY MEAN? NOW, HERE I AM... AT AN ADVANCE POST ONLY A FEW MILES FROM THE FRONT! BUT IN SPITE OF THE CONSTANT DANGER AND HARDSHIPS, I'M HAPPIER THAN I'VE EVER BEEN BEFORE... BECAUSE DON IS HERE! CAPTAIN DON BRADY, WHOSE WARM EMBRACE THRILLS ME TO THE CORE... WHOSE TENDER KISS EXCITES MY VERY BEING!



THANK HEAVENS THE LAST OF THE PATIENTS HAVE BEEN SENT TO THE REAR HOSPITAL! NOW I CAN... WHA...?

JANET!



DON! YOU STARTLED ME, DARLING!

I JUST GOT BACK FROM HEADQUARTERS AND I HAD TO SEE YOU BEFORE TURNING IN!

Don has been gone for two days now!

Will he return soon?



OH, JAN DEAREST! I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS I COULD TAKE WITHOUT YOU NEAR ME! LET'S BE MARRIED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

MY DARLING!

Though Don and I had been in love since we had met six months before at the point of embarkation camp, he had never before kissed me with the savage desperation of this moment!



Suddenly!

BEG PARDON, CAPTAIN, BUT HERE'S ANOTHER BUNCH OF THOSE MAT-REAN JOES AND I CAN'T FIGURE OUT A WORD THEY'RE SAYING!



MORE REFUGEES... AND NO INTERPRETER SINCE JIM WAS KILLED IN THAT LAST RAID! WELL... BRING THEM IN!



YOU HAVE NO INTERPRETER? THEN I INTERPRET FOR YOU! I GO AMERICAN SCHOOL ONE TIME... SPEAK ENGLISH VERY WELL! YOU LET ME HELP YOU, YES?

OH, HOW WONDERFUL, DON! WE'RE LOST HERE WITHOUT AN INTERPRETER, AND THIS WOMAN SPEAKS ENGLISH!



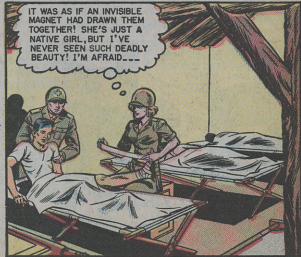
YES... YES... I... UH... WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

YOU CALL ME CHIA-SAN, MY CAPTAIN! I CAN TELL YOU MANY THINGS ABOUT THIS SECTION! I WAS BORN IN VILLAGE NEAR HERE! WE... TALK... NOW?



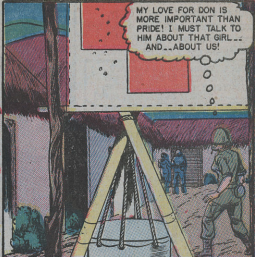
BUT DON! I'LL NEED HER TO HELP ME HERE WITH THESE...

I turned blindly to my work as I tried to understand what had happened in that brief electric moment... what strange undercurrents had reached out to encircle my beloved with the beautiful, mysterious Chia-San!



IT WAS AS IF AN INVISIBLE MAGNET HAD DRAWN THEM TOGETHER! SHE'S JUST A NATIVE GIRL, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH DEADLY BEAUTY! I'M AFRAID...

I discovered with a shock during the next few days that my nameless fear had been well-founded! Suddenly, Don no longer came to see me at the hospital.... and my pride would not let me go to him! I knew that plans for a big raid were under way and that Don was working day and night...but I knew too that Chia-San was at his side...and my tortured heart was close to breaking! One day...



But Chia-San's voice stopped me at the door!

MAY I SAY SOMETHING, MY CAPTAIN? I HAVE SO MUCH LOVE FOR MY CAPTAIN THAT I WANT TO HELP HIM! I KNOW BIG RAID PLANNED SOON! AND I HAVE IDEA!

AND WHAT IS THAT?



AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE VERY CLEVER, BUT THEY NOT KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT ENEMY, YES? I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT GENERAL WEI OF MATREAN ARMY! HE VERY SUPERSTITIOUS MAN! HE NO FIGHT ON THURSDAY!

THURSDAY? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



NEXT THURSDAY COMES ANCIENT DAY OF MEI-LAN-FANG FOR MANY VILLAGES IN WEST MATREA! THEIR LAW SAY WHOEVER VIOLATES DAY OF ATONEMENT BY FIGHTING OR KILLING...DOOMED FOREVER! THE GENERAL --- NO FIGHT THURSDAY!

ARE YOU SURE, CHIA-SAN?

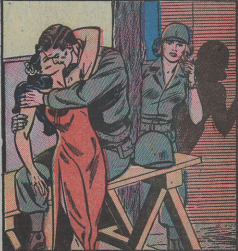


VERY SURE! I TELL ONLY TRUTH TO MY CAPTAIN, FOR I LOVE MY CAPTAIN, YES?

CHIA-SAN! ARE YOU A SAINT...OR A DEVIL... COME TO TORMENT ME?



My anguished heart screamed, "No! No, my darling!" But I could only stand numb and helpless, watching through blinding tears as I saw my beloved weaken to her fatal power!



DIARY LOVES

But as I turned blindly away, some warning note deep within me made me pause and remember Chia's words! I hurried inside!

DON, I OVERHEARD CHIA-SAN'S "CONTRIBUTION" TO OUR MILITARY STRATEGY! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE IT SERIOUSLY, I HOPE!

JAN! WHY, YES, I AM! IF IT WILL SAVE LIVES AND TIME, I WILL ORDER A RAID ON THURSDAY!



NO! HOW CAN YOU TRUST THIS GIRL TO BE TELLING THE TRUTH? YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HER!



SHE'S TRYING TO HELP US... AND HER PEOPLE! I'LL VOUCH FOR HER LOYALTY! I TRUST HER! I-I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, JAN!

AND YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, DON'T YOU, CHIA-SAN? I'M WARNING YOU, CHIA-SAN! BE CAREFUL!



As if to mark my words fate took a strange turn! The next day at the hospital...

HEY, MISS JANET! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS KID, WILL YOU? A PATROL FOUND HIM SHOT UP PRETTY BADLY! HE'S BEEN JABBERING AWAY LIKE MAD... BUT I CAN'T SAVVY A WORD HE SAYS!

I'LL TAKE HIM, TOMMY! BUT WILL YOU PLEASE GET... THE INTERPRETER? WE'LL NEED HER!



A few minutes later...

YOU SENT FOR ME?

YES, THIS NATIVE BOY WAS JUST BROUGHT IN! HE SEEMS VERY EXCITED AND WANTS TO TALK! SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY... BUT BE BRIEF! HE'S VERY WEAK!



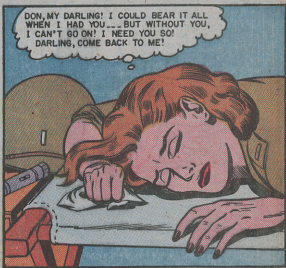
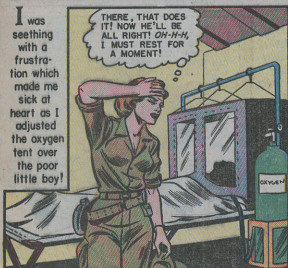
NO! NO! SHUT UP! YOU LITTLE BEAST!

CHIA-SAN! STOP IT!

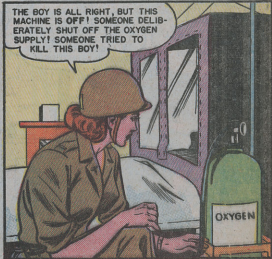
DIARY LOVES



I was seething with a frustration which made me sick at heart as I adjusted the oxygen tent over the poor little boy!



Suddenly through my sobs, a sixth sense told me that something was wrong! In the stillness of the room, something was missing! Then I knew!



Suddenly I faced the incredibly ugly truth! Yes, someone had tried to kill the boy! The scene of the afternoon flashed through my mind! Chia-San... and the boy! What had he said to her? Why had she screamed at him? I must find out!



CAN YOU HEAR ME, SON? OH 350B2 HOW CAN I MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND ME!



77, 77, 77

I KNOW YOU WANT TO TELL ME SOMETHING --- BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND! I KNOW! MAYBE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND A SIGN LANGUAGE! WATER? THIS?



NO... BUT HE UNDERSTANDS! WAIT --- HE'S MAKING SIGNS NOW! HAIR --- LONG HAIR... LONG DARK HAIR! EYES... EYES THAT ARE... SLANTED --- WITH... WITH LONG LASHES --- A GIRL! COULD HE MEAN CHIA-SAN?



WHY...? THAT'S WHAT HE DID THIS AFTERNOON! HE'S ACTING IT OUT! HE DOES MEAN CHIA-SAN! WHAT ABOUT HER? WHAT DOES HE KNOW ABOUT CHIA-SAN?

The long night hours slowly slipped away as the boy and I painfully, ardously, tried to "talk" with only our hands to guide us! His story began to unfold... and with it, my plan! Tomorrow was Thursday! There was no time to lose!



WE ARE READY NOW! I HAVE SENT FOR THEM! ONLY A FEW MINUTES MORE AND THEN YOU CAN REST! WISH US LUCK, LITTLE FRIEND!



Suddenly! LET ME GO! YOU WILL BE SORRY WHEN I TELL MY CAPTAIN ABOUT THIS! HE WILL ---

HERE'S THE DAME, MISS JANET! SHE SURE RAISED A KICK ABOUT COMING, BUT I CARRIED OUT YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!



I THINK YOUR CAPTAIN WILL BE MORE INTERESTED IN WHAT THIS BOY WILL TELL HIM!

THE BOY...? BUT THE OXYGEN... I ---



IT... DID... NOT... WORK, SADU! I... LIVE... AND I... HAVE... TOLD... THEM... WHO... YOU... ARE! TRAITOR!

NO-O-O! YOU SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF THE INFIDEL SWINE! YOU HAVE BETRAYED US!



RO-BERT FASHIONS *Lead the Style Parade!*

Style No. 300

There's plenty of "Aye!" appeal in this irresistible wool plaid charmer. Roomy envelope pockets accent a gracefully flared skirt with soft center pleat-interest. Plus extra tricks like velvet ribbons that pull through gold eyelets in a snugly fitted bodice... a wide shiny belt.

PLAID COMBINATIONS:

- RED GREEN and WHITE
- BROWN, GOLD and WHITE

SIZES:

11-13-15-17
only **6⁹⁹**

12-14-16-18
only **7⁹⁹**

SIZES:

9-11-13-15-17-19
10-12-14-16-18-20

only **4⁹⁹** each

Style No. 400

Wonderful with suits... exciting with dresses! Easy-fitting wool plaid wrap coat with dramatic Vampire sleeves, Johnny collar, trim slash-pockets, bold cuffs. Extravagantly full with nipped-in leash belt.

PLAID COMBINATIONS:

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- RED and GREEN

Style No. 401

Fashion's everloving favorite — the button-down boxed jacket in irresistible wool plaid with "hold-everything" patch pockets, adorable leash belt, debonair collar, roomy sleeves. Antique gold-finish buttons.

Style No. 1003

Exciting as a candlelight kiss, romantic as a moonlight stroll! The rich smooth rayon droopes softly over your shoulders... the alluring neckline plunges recklessly to reveal your warmly enticing loveliness. Lovish accordion pleats completely encircle the sweeping 200 inch whirl-fing ballerina skirt. Luxurious wide self belt with six gold-tone eyelets. Zipper placket. In gorgeous colors: BLACK ROYAL BLUE GREEN WINE

SIZES:

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only **6⁹⁹**

10-12-14-16-18-20

only **7⁹⁹**

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Work bound... school bound... fun bound — you'll live in this exciting 3-way tapper in fine pin-wale corduroy! Wear it belted in front (as shown) or slip the wide self-belt half way through to reveal a fabulously flaring yoked back. Or, if you prefer, slip off the belt and you have a smartly-buttoned boosed front — wonderful over suits. Roomy pockets boast epaulet cuffs.

SIZES:

9-11-13-15-17-19
10-12-14-16-18-20

only **6⁹⁹**

In brushed, kitten-soft twill...

Style No. 102

Full flair for spring beauty. Men-tailored collar tops three antique gold-finish buttons.

IN EXCITING COLORS:

- AQUA
- PINK
- RED
- WHITE

SIZES:

9-11-13-15-17-19
10-12-14-16-18-20

only **4⁹⁹**

IN EXCITING COLORS:

- RED
- RUST
- DARK GREEN

SEND NO MONEY-10 DAY FREE TRIAL

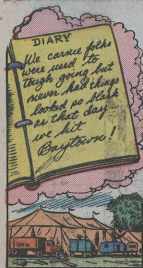
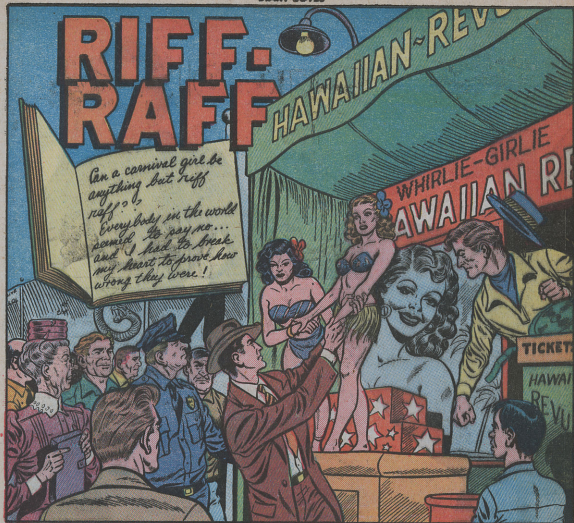
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Style No.	Size	1st Color Choice	2nd Color Choice	Price
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300				
400				
401				
557				
1003				

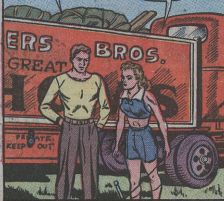
- ☐ I enclose full amount plus 21¢, saving C.O.D. charges.
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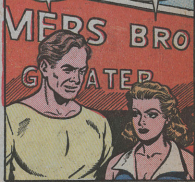
I JUST DON'T GET IT! THAT PERMIT TO OPEN WAS SUPPOSED TO COME THROUGH!

SLIM, WHAT'LL WE DO? NOBODY'LL GET PAID IF WE CAN'T PLAY THIS TOWN!

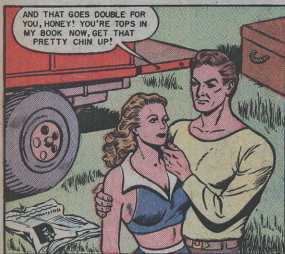


DON'T YOU WORRY, TRIXIE! I'VE HANDLED THESE TOUGH LICENSE COMMISSIONERS BEFORE! I'LL BRING THIS ONE AROUND TOO!

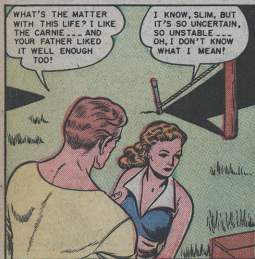
OH, SLIM, I WISH I WERE AS CONFIDENT! DID YOU SEE THE HEADLINE IN THAT LOCAL PAPER?



DIARY LOVES



With Slim's arm around me, I felt better, safer... and a warm glow spread through me to dispel the gloom!



As I watched Slim go I felt a twinge of conscience, as if I had been disloyal to a way of life!

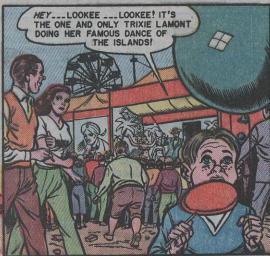
DIARY LOVES



A few hours later my brooding came to an abrupt end! Slim was back with good news...

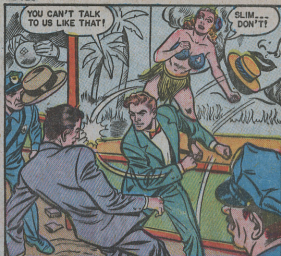


Suddenly I could think of nothing but the carnival! Nothing else seemed to matter and that night I was in my usual place!



And then like a thunderclap came a voice, harsh and forbidding...





Even as I fumed and stormed I was aware of the strange interest with which Mayor Farnel looked at me...and then as a woman always knows these things I knew that I could wrap him around my little finger if I wanted to!



The mayor was gone before I could object! Something had gone haywire and I meant to do plenty about it! The next moment I knew my luck hadn't entirely run out...



DIARY LOVES

Caution stopped my tongue! The thing to do was use this man... and not antagonize him!



WHY, I'M THE LICENSE COMMISSIONER! HEH - HEH! EVERYBODY KNOWS ME!

THE LICENSE COMMISSIONER! THEN YOU'RE THE DOUBLE-CROSSING...!



WHY NOT GO SOMEPLACE WHERE WE CAN BE COMFORTABLE AND TALK THINGS OVER!

I'LL MEET YOU... IN ABOUT TWO HOURS!



GOOD! DOLAN'S SILVER DOLLAR IN TWO HOURS! I'LL BE WAITING, BABY!

I'LL BE THERE!

My mind raced with ideas! But first I had to see Slim... to know that he was all right and to make sure of one fact!



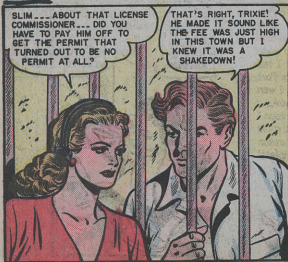
MISS TRIxie LAMONT, EH? SURE I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU TO SEE ANDREWS FOR A WHILE!

AMAZING HOW QUICKLY IT'S HELPED TO KNOW THE RIGHT PEOPLE!



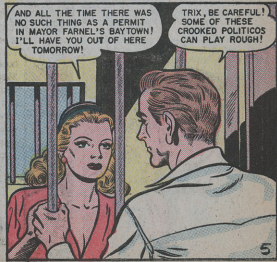
SLIM DARLING, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE, HONEY! YOU KNOW I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!



SLIM... ABOUT THAT LICENSE COMMISSIONER... DID YOU HAVE TO PAY HIM OFF TO GET THE PERMIT THAT TURNED OUT TO BE NO PERMIT AT ALL?

THAT'S RIGHT, TRIxie! HE MADE IT SOUND LIKE THE FEE WAS JUST HIGH IN THIS TOWN BUT I KNEW IT WAS A SHAKEDOWN!



AND ALL THE TIME THERE WAS NO SUCH THING AS A PERMIT IN MAYOR FARNEL'S BAYTOWN! I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE TOMORROW!

TRIX, BE CAREFUL! SOME OF THESE CROOKED POLITICOS CAN PLAY ROUGH!

There was plenty of time before my appointment with the license commissioner --- and I went directly to the mayor's mansion ---



It had happened more quickly than I had dared hope! I had Mayor Farnel where I wanted him now --- and soon I would make his lesson complete!



DIARY LOVES

Mayor Farnel would have news for his friends all right, but it wouldn't be wonderful! I would see to that!

At Dolan's Silver Dollar the license commissioner was waiting...



SUGAR, YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! I'VE BEEN HAVING A FEW WHILE I WAITED! COME ON, HAVE ONE WITH ME!

JUST GINGER ALE, COMMISSIONER!



NOW, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT YOUR OLD BOY FRIEND! JUST BE NICE TO THE LITTLE OLD COMMISSIONER, AND HE'LL FIX EVERYTHING!

I DO LIKE YOU, COMMISSIONER, BUT THIS PLACE IS SO PUBLIC! I KNOW WHERE WE CAN BE ALONE!

The commissioner was too far gone to have much of an idea of where he was going... and at the back of the mayor's residence I found that I had an ally!

My heart leaped with joy as I saw how easy it was going to be! I told the cook my plan!

There was just enough consciousness left in the commissioner to enable him to talk...



I'LL GIVE YOU A STRAIGHT STORY! I WASN'T COUNTING ON FINDING ANYBODY IN THE KITCHEN! I WANT TO GET THE COMMISSIONER INTO THE HOUSE FOR REASONS OF MY OWN! IF YOU'LL HELP I'LL...!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BRIBE ME, SISTER! I'M FOR YOU! I WAS IN THE CROWD WHEN THEY PULLED THAT RAID ON YOU AT THE CARNIE!



SH-H! THE MAYOR AND HIS PHONY CRONIES ARE IN THE ROOM BEYOND THAT CURTAIN! GOOD LUCK, SISTER! I USED TO BE IN A CARNIE MYSELF!

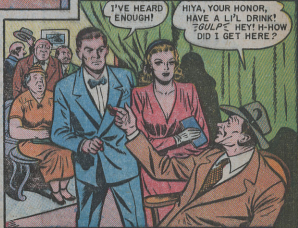


YOU STARTED TO TELL ME, COMMISSIONER, ABOUT HOW YOU COULD FIX THINGS IF I WERE NICE TO YOU!

SURE CAN! HEH-HEH! WE'RE ALL A GREAT BUNCH OF FIXERS IN THIS TOWN'S GOVERNMENT! ALL EXCEPT THE MAYOR! HE'S TOO DUMB... AND FULL OF IDEAS ABOUT CLEAN GOVERNMENT!



THAT'S WHY WE USE HIM AS A FRONT WHILE THE REST OF US SPLIT UP THE TAKE FROM SUCKERS LIKE YOUR BOY FRIEND, CROOKED BUILDING CONTRACTORS, GAMBLING & NIGHT ENTERPRISES!



I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!

HIYA, YOUR HONOR, HAVE A LI'L DRINK! GULP! HEY! H-HOW DID I GET HERE?

Then a sudden cry of anger pierced the air and the curtain was torn aside...

DIARY LOVES



Victory was mine...but looking at Mayor Arthur Farnel's face I felt a pang! I had hurt him deeply and now I felt no further rancor!



I didn't gloat over Mayor Farnel! I felt sorry for him! But all cares were swept away when Slim was free and I was in his arms again...



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LETTERS!**

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Renee Says...

THE LATEST IN FASHION WILL BE-



HELLO THERE! THIS IS
RENEE SPEAKING! HERE
ARE SOME OF THE
LATEST IN FASHION
FOR 1951! I BELIEVE
THEY ARE AMONG THE
SMARTEST!

I ESPECIALLY
LIKE THIS SWOOP
SKIRT WITH THE
PLAID BOLERO!
PERFECT FOR
CASUAL WEAR!

THIS TÊTE-À-TÊTE
DRESS AND CAPE
WHICH UNSNAPS
AND REVEALS A
STRAPLESS DRESS
FOR EVENING
WEAR IS APROPOS
FOR THAT SPECIAL
PERSON!



FOR MISS OR MRS.
"OPEN SHELL" IS A
DREAM FOR AFTER
WORK OR AFTER SCHOOL
LOUNGING!

SMART STYLING
IS THE KEYNOTE
FOR YOUR IDEAL
CALF BAG!



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fashion wear. Send your questions on clothes problems to Renee & Comic
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STOLEN SECRETS

JACK CRANFORD sauntered aimlessly into the park. It was a lovely day but somehow pointless. Lovely days were meant to be shared but he didn't know anybody. He hadn't been in town long enough. Oh, there had been plenty of girls with whom he could have struck up an acquaintance but none that had seemed worthwhile. Well, he thought ruefully, it's the price of being so choosy. You wind up walking in the park alone on lovely days.

It was at that moment that Jack saw the bench beyond the clump of bushes that stuck out way over the cement walk. And on the bench sat a vision, a vision in a trim, tan suit, with a small hat perched atop a mass of cascading blonde hair that glistened in the sunlight. Automatically he slowed his step. "Now there," he thought, "there is a girl. But what's the use? I'm not the brash kind who can go through the artificial routine of making a pickup. Better keep walking and forget about her."

Still, his eyes remained glued to the lovely blonde head. He was closer now and could see the blue eyes, staring out dreamily at nothing in particular. "Waiting for a boy friend no doubt," Jack thought. A girl like that wouldn't just be sitting in the park for no good reason.

Abruptly, rudely, his thoughts were broken off. In a flash a man had darted out from behind the clump of bushes, a slender, hatchet faced man with a snarling mouth, and before the girl could leap to her feet he had snatched the leather handbag that dangled from her wrist. Just as she let loose a half choked cry from her trembling lips the thief disappeared back into the clump of bushes.

The next moment Jack Cranford was dashing past the girl, vaguely aware of the panic and terror on her face. He was unexplainably angry. Angrier than he would have been if something had been stolen from him. Like a streak he tore through the bushes, listening for sounds of the thief running ahead of him. At last he caught the telltale noises, the crunch of broken twigs and dry leaves and then the sound of running feet on a footpath. A minute later Jack sighted the thief, called on all his strength for a sudden burst of speed and brought the fugitive down with a flying tackle that almost brought a smile to his lips. He hadn't tried one of those since his college days, didn't know he could still do it.

Grimly, the two men wrestled. Jack was

heavier, stronger, and he quickly got the upper hand. With an elbow in the thief's Adam's apple he held him down and with the other hand he reached for the handbag that lay on the ground. For some reason or other the handbag seemed the most important thing in the world. His fingers closed on it and almost simultaneously he felt the heave of the body under him and was catapulted off. Then the thief was up and running and before Jack could get to his feet the man was out of sight.

Jack clutched the bag. One part of his mind told him he ought to chase the purse snatcher, the other told him it didn't matter. He had the handbag and what mattered was to return it to the girl with the blonde hair and the dreamy, blue eyes. Hurriedly Jack retraced his steps to the bench. The girl was gone.

Bewildered and let down, Jack looked hopelessly up and down the cement walk. She could have gone in search of a policeman. No, she'd be back with one by now if she had. Limply, he sank to the bench and looked down at the handbag in his hand. He had to get it back to her. Maybe there was a name, an address somewhere inside. With reluctant fingers he opened it.

Change purse, mirror, lipstick, keys and under these a small, leather bound book, marked MY DIARY. "This might have it," he thought, "her name, her address." His face burned a little as he opened it. It was a guilty sensation he couldn't help feeling. A diary. How could a man make a more flagrant invasion of a woman's privacy, how could he find his way deeper into the secret places of her heart?

The name and address were on the flyleaf. Jane Hampton, 42 Walnut St. That was it. He had what he wanted. The decent thing to do now was close the book, find Jane Hampton and return it to her. But a devil was loose in him. He couldn't close it. He had to know more about the lovely creature who ten minutes before had been sitting on this same bench.

Dear Diary, he read. I dreamed about him again last night and woke up feeling so foolish. There he was, that dream man of mine, tall, slender and dark eyed. And, oh, so very much in love with me. Talk about wishful thinking. I'm as lonely as ever. I've been in this town for a month now and still don't know anybody. As for men, there isn't even one half as attractive that I'm likely to meet in the course of my hum-

drum working day. Ah, Diary, it is nice to dream though. Who knows? Maybe someday he'll appear suddenly out of nowhere. And maybe I'll be lucky enough to be the girl he has been dreaming about. But I'm being silly. It's all too much to hope for. Good night, dear Diary.

Jack Cranford's face burned more than before and his heart beat with strange thumps. Was this shame, he wondered? Was this guilt because he now knew more about the lovely blonde girl than he could ever have hoped to know after months of close friendship. Or was it something more? And suddenly he had the answer. It was something more, much more. It was love.

Jack sprang to his feet and hurried out of the park. Swiftly he walked in the direction of Walnut Street and as he walked his mind raced eagerly.

There was nothing casual, he realized, about the fierce attraction he had felt at first sight of the girl. He had seen her before or someone very much like her. But it had taken the words in the girl's diary to make him remember that he too had met her in dreams.

Jack's elation grew. This was no meaningless incident. Fate had spun too complicated, too fine a web for this to have no final significance.

His hand trembled slightly as he pressed the doorbell at Forty-two Walnut Street. The buzzer opened the door and he went up to the apartment door. His tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth as he saw Jane Hampton standing in the doorway.

Her eyes were sad, worried, and then as she looked up at him, seemed to light up.

"I got it back," Jack said lamely and handed her the bag.

"Oh, how wonderful," she breathed. "You took such a terrible risk. Please come in."

He followed her into the trim, little apartment and sat down.

"I was terrified," she said. "There was something so horrible about that man."

"He was just a cheap crook," Jack said. "There wasn't much fight in him. But what happened to you? I couldn't find you when I got back to the bench."

She hung her head, ashamed.

"I was terrified," she said. "I reported the robbery to a policeman and then went straight home. I was afraid to go back to the scene."

Suddenly, she looked up at him, her face a flaming pink.

"How did you know my address?" she stammered as if afraid to hear the answer.

Jack looked at the pattern on the carpet.

"It was on the flyleaf of the . . . er . . . book inside your purse," he said.

She looked squarely into his eyes now.

"My diary," she said. "Did you read it?"

"I couldn't help it, Jane," he blurted out, without even thinking that he was using her first name.

She seemed to shrink back into her chair.

"Oh, how could you?" Her voice sounded small and far away.

Jack stood behind her chair. From his pocket he took a small notebook.

"I should be sorry I read it," he said. "But I'm not. Here, look at this! You aren't the only one who keeps diaries. I was using this notebook for one up until two weeks ago."

With a puzzled look in her eyes, Jane Hampton took the tiny notebook and opened it. Over her shoulder Jack could read the minute scrawl in which he wrote.

"What's the use," the page read. "I'll never meet a girl like this blonde, blue-eyed angel I've been running into every night in my dreams. I ought to quit thinking about somebody like that and settle for one who really exists."

Jane looked up at him. There was a soft look in her blue eyes.

"You wrote that?" she said.

"Sure," Jack said, trying to make his voice sound easy and relaxed. "All sorts of people are likely to write in diaries when they're alone a lot."

And then, as if afraid of what she would say next, Jack bent over her.

"Why don't we go out to dinner," he said, "and talk about diaries and what makes people write them. It would help us understand ourselves. And more important, it would help us understand each other."

She was getting up.

"I think I'd like that," she said. "Yes, that would be fun. I'll just powder my nose and get my hat on."

She smiled at him as she went into the other room and in Jack's heart there was a serenity, a happiness he had never known before. And this was only the beginning, he thought with what amounted to an almost unbearable joy.

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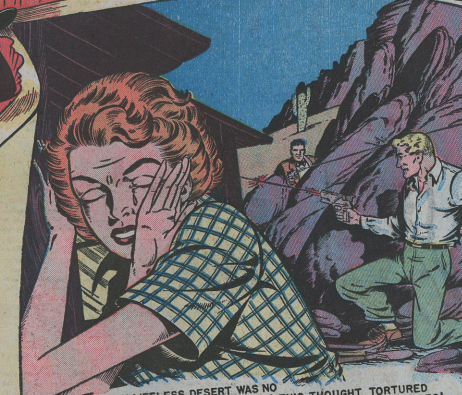
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THE DRY, LIFELESS DESERT WAS NO PLACE FOR A GIRL TO WASTE HER YOUTH! THIS THOUGHT TORTURED ME EACH DAY AND I LONGED FOR ROMANCE... FOR LOVE... FOR KISSES! THEN OUT OF THE WASTELAND A MAN APPEARED... AND LIVING WAS PURE JOY! BUT NOT FOR LONG... FOR TERROR FOLLOWED CLOSE ON BUCK DODSON'S HEELS... AND IT SEEMED THAT MINE WAS DESTINED TO REMAIN

The Desolate Heart

Dad was one of the small number of prospectors who still seek a living in the arid gold country of California! This time I insisted on going with him...

TESS, HONEY, I WAS A FOOL TO TRY TO MAKE YOU STAY HOME! YOU'VE BROUGHT ME LUCK! I'M PANNING MORE GOLD EVERY DAY!

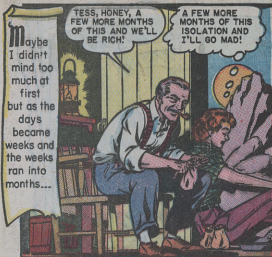
OH, DAD, I'M GLAD! BUT I WASN'T CONCERNED SO MUCH ABOUT FINDING GOLD AS I WAS ABOUT TAKING CARE OF YOU!

YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL, TESS... BUT I SURE FEEL GUILTY ABOUT KEEPING YOU UP IN THESE HILLS!

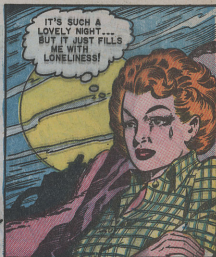
I DON'T MIND, DAD!



DIARY LOVES



Days, there was work to do, meals to cook... but the long, starlit evenings seemed empty, futile...



Then one night as I sat a short distance from the shack...



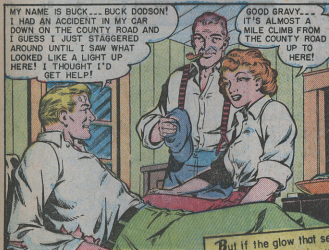
MAYBE IT'S GONE BY NOW BUT I THINK WE OUGHT TO MAKE SURE!



Suddenly the moon came out from behind a cloud and lit up the trail...



As I washed the dirt and clots of blood from the handsome stranger's face I could make out the even, handsome features... and my heart seemed to skip a beat!



The news seemed to please rather than disturb Buck Dodson and as he looked into my eyes, I blushed with excitement!...



But if the glow that seemed to suffuse my entire being under his gaze meant that I was a fool, I wanted to be a fool!

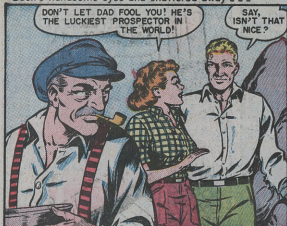


Next morning Buck Dodson slept late! Dad and I were already at work when he came out...



DIARY LOVES

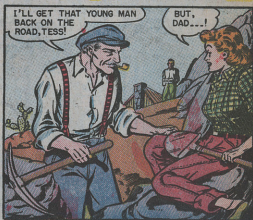
I was vaguely aware of Dad's frown as I looked into Buck's handsome eyes and chattered away ---



There was something thrilling about having Buck in the shack --- cooking for him ---

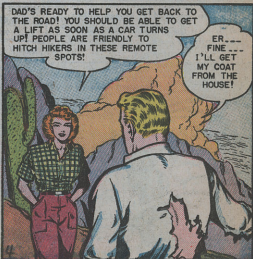


I went back to help Dad and in a little while Buck came out to watch us again ---



I didn't know what to say except that I wanted Buck to stay... more than anything in the world! I bit my lip instead!

I SUPPOSE SO, DAD!



DIARY LOVES

I walked with Buck to the shack!
Suddenly he staggered....



OHH!

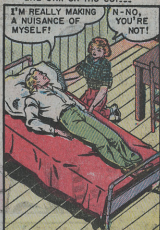
BUCK...
WHAT'S
WRONG?

ER...NOTHING...STILL
A LITTLE WEAK I
GUESS! I'M SORT
OF GROGGY!

YOU'D
BETTER LIE
DOWN!



It wrung my heart to
watch Buck Dodson lying limp
and still on the cot....



I'M REALLY MAKING
A NUISANCE OF
MYSELF!

N-N-O,
YOU'RE
NOT!

DAD, WE CAN'T SEND HIM AWAY NOW!
HE MUST HAVE BEEN HURT WORSE THAN
IT LOOKED IN THAT ACCIDENT! HE JUST
COLLAPSED!



HE
DID?

HE SEEMS TO
BE ASLEEP!

OH, DAD, LET HIM REST! IT
WON'T HURT TO LET HIM STAY
AWHILE...EVEN ANOTHER DAY!



HMMM... WELL...
I HOPE IT WON'T!



Buck awoke
toward
evening and
seemed to feel
better! After
supper I saw
Dad fidgeting
and knew he
wanted to be
alone before
he put the day's
gold dust away!
Buck made
matters simple...

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL
NIGHT! WANT TO COME
OUT AND LOOK AT IT
WITH ME, TESS?

ALL
RIGHT!



DIARY LOVES



The next moment I felt his lips on mine...and I melted into his arms ---



We clung to each other, oblivious to time! Then...



As we entered, Dad was putting the bags of gold dust back in their hiding place! He stood in frozen silence when he saw Buck...



Hot fury overwhelmed me---

I GUESS IT HAPPENS TO EVERYBODY WHO GETS GOLD HUNGRY! THEY BEGIN TO DISTRUST THEIR OWN SHADOWS! BUCK IS A GOOD, HONEST MAN! I CAN FEEL IT! YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO DISTRUST HIM!

SURE...SURE...HONEY! BUT A GIRL DOESN'T ALWAYS SEE A GOOD LOOKING YOUNG MAN WITH HER EYES! SOMETIMES SHE ONLY SEES HIM WITH HER HEART!

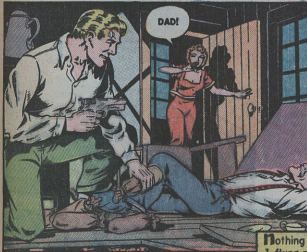


I was awakened before dawn next morning by the sounds of a terrible struggle in the other room...

POW

NO YOU DON'T!

OH-H!



DAD!

DAD! DAD! OH, SPEAK TO ME!

RELAX, TESS! I JUST CLIPPED HIM HARD ENOUGH TO PUT HIM OUT FOR A FEW MINUTES! HE VERY INCONVENIENTLY GOT UP JUST AS I WAS GETTING AT THIS GOLD!



Nothing seemed to matter as I flung myself at Buck Dodson! The gun could go off if only I could reach his sneering face...

Suddenly a pistol cracked and a voice came from the open doorway...

The pale dawn was coming through the windows as if my world had not been shattered! I looked at Buck first with disbelief, then with resentment and rising hatred...

THEN DAD WAS RIGHT! HE DIDN'T TRUST YOU FOR GOOD REASON! OH... YOU VILE CREATURE! YOU WERE SHAMMING WHEN YOU PLAYED SICK YESTERDAY! YOU WANTED TO STAY ON TO STEAL THE GOLD!

YOU'RE GETTING BRIGHTER ALL THE TIME, TESS! BUT I DID ENJOY YOUR KISSES!



I HATE YOU... HATE YOU!

EASY GIRL! I STILL HAVE THIS GUN!



YOU DID HAVE A GUN, DOWNS!





DOWN'S! YOU SAID YOUR NAME WAS DODSON!

FRANK HALEY! HOW DID YOU FIND ME HERE?



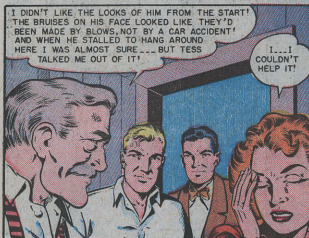
IT TOOK SOME DOING! YOU COVERED UP YOUR TRACKS VERY WELL AFTER WE TANGLED THE OTHER NIGHT, AND I LOOKED IN AT ABOUT SIX PROSPECTORS' CAMPS BEFORE I DECIDED TO TRY THIS ONE!

ALL RIGHT, COPPER! I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED!



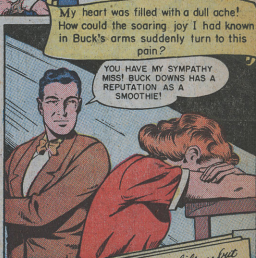
I'M A DETECTIVE FROM LOS-ANGELES, MISS! I CAUGHT UP WITH DOWN'S THE OTHER NIGHT AFTER TRAILING HIM FOR TWO WEEKS! HE'S WANTED FOR A PAYROLL ROBBERY!

YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME, YOUNG FELLER!



I DIDN'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF HIM FROM THE START! THE BRUISES ON HIS FACE LOOKED LIKE THEY'D BEEN MADE BY BLOWS, NOT BY A CAR ACCIDENT! AND WHEN HE STALLED TO HANG AROUND HERE I WAS ALMOST SURE... BUT TESS TALKED ME OUT OF IT!

I...I COULDN'T HELP IT!



My heart was filled with a dull ache! How could the soaring joy I had known in Buck's arms suddenly turn to this pain?

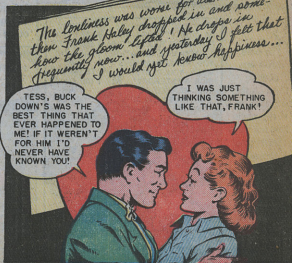
YOU HAVE MY SYMPATHY, MISS! BUCK DOWN'S HAS A REPUTATION AS A SMOOTHIE!

As I looked into the young detective's eyes I saw something there that somehow eased my hurt! A moment later he was leading Buck out of the shack...



COME BACK AND SEE US, YOUNG FELLER! I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR US AS SOON AS YOU HAVE MORE TIME!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, OLD TIMER!



The loneliness was worse for awhile...but then Frank Haley dropped in and somehow the gloom lifted! He drops in frequently now...and yesterday I felt that I would get know happiness...

TESS, BUCK DOWN'S WAS THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME! IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIM I'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN YOU!

I WAS JUST THINKING SOMETHING LIKE THAT, FRANK!



BUD, COULD I GET A WRISTWATCH THE SAME EASY WAY YOU GOT THAT AIR RIFLE

YOU SURE CAN SIS, ALSO DOLLS BICYCLES AND MANY OTHER THINGS, JUST MAIL COUPON TO START, LIKE I DID



AND SIS MAILS IN THE COUPON AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE

LOOK, BUD - WILSON SENT WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE AND EVERYTHING. I DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND A PENNY NOW I'LL GET MY WRISTWATCH



YOU'LL SELL THEM FAST!

THANKS, SIS, THIS IS A WONDERFUL ART PICTURE THAT YOU'RE GIVING ME WITH THIS FINE SALVE



YES! GIVING THE PICTURES MADE IT FUN TO SELL ALL I NEED FOR MY WATCH

IT SURE IS - I'M GOING TO GET A BIKE NEXT



LOOK AT MY NEW WATCH ISN'T IT LOVELY

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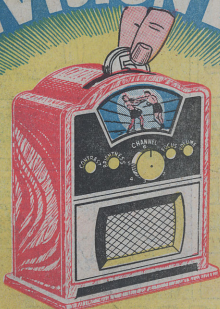
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LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!

Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!

Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!

When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, twirl figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!

Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A MONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL!

You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 1/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

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Here's Your Chance to
BE POPULAR!



I'M CERTAINLY MISSING A LOT
OF FUN, AND DATES, TOO.
IF I ONLY COULD PLAY
THE PIANO
BETTY DOES.
'WONDER HOW SHE
LEARNED SO FAST?
I'LL ASK HER THE
FIRST CHANCE I GET.

MARY, I NEVER TOOK A LESSON IN MY LIFE - BUT
NOW I CAN PLAY WELL, THANKS TO THE
AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR AND
THE DEAN ROSS SIMPLE ABC METHOD.
YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT!



IF IT'S AS EASY
AS YOU SAY AND
IT ONLY COSTS
\$1.98 I'LL SEND
FOR IT
RIGHT AWAY!

GLAD I TOOK BETTY'S ADVICE.
NOW I GET INVITED
EVERYWHERE. NO MORE
WALLFLOWER STUFF
FOR ME!



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minutes!"

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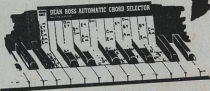
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ARE WILD
ABOUT THE
WAY I PLAY
PIANO - CAN'T
THANK DEAN
ROSS ENOUGH



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Name (Please Print)

Address

City & Zone State

☐ SAVE MONEY! Enclose \$1.98 and we pay postage
Some Refund Guarantee

Fantastically **NEW!** Amazingly **TRUE!**

At ALL S-L-I-M-I-N-G
FRONT PANEL

BEFORE

FanFair is the newest and latest, scientific slenderizer designed to correct bulging belly and other fat

- SHOWS YOU FanFair IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR

much lighter in weight, you'll find that with only reasonable care, it will outlast the average, more expensive health supporter.



FanFair Sliding Front Panel **GUARANTEES** to make belly bulge vanish because it permits you to adjust the panel (as illustrated) to the exact position, wider or narrower. Try it on. See how the panels **SLIM** your figure as they slide into the correct adjustment. Gives you maximum control and new figure beauty.

YOU JUDGE AND ADJUST YOUR FIGURE to flattering, smooth flat front.

- Holds Stomach Muscles in place • Adjusts Instantly
- Strong cotton coutil permits countless laundering
- Complete Stomach Panel Support Has
- No Elastic to Sweat You • Air-Ventilated Bands
- No laces to tangle or bunch

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

FanFair Girdle is truly a wonder Health Supporter. A FanFair sweet-sixteen figure will lift your spirits—give you renewed vigor and zest for living and loving . . . **TRY IT BEFORE YOU BUY!** The Fan-Fair Health Supporter Girdle is **GUARANTEED** to remove the appearance of stomach bulge—or your purchase price refunded in full. See offer in coupon. FanFair is truly marvelous—surprisingly slenderizing to even the most difficult "fat and forty" figure . . . **TELL US TO RUSH YOUR FanFair Supporter** without delay. When postman leaves your precious package, put on FanFair and experience the **REAL DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE** of a NEW, YOUTHFUL YOU!

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. E-23-F
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

FULL BACK SUPPORT



Banishes Embarrassing TUMMY BULGE Instantly!

fanFair **RONNIE HEALTH SUPPORTER GIRDLE**

Note these Unusual Unequalled Features:

YOU adjust the SIMPLE SLIDING FRONT PANEL to the flattering slimmest YOU want.

FanFair GUARANTEES a Custom-Made fitting

- Unique Front panel has 3 firm, air-spaced adjustable bands that slide to gently press a large or sagging stomach in **FIRMLY** yet **COMFORTABLY**, insuring a **SLIM, FLAT FRONT** with no unsightly belly bulge.
- Air-spaced controlled expansion permits garment to **b-r-e-a-t-h-e** with you.
- Complete adjustability without unsightly **ONLY LACES** to tangle or bunch.
- Well placed figure control boning.
- Long-line back trims bulges top to bottom.

\$4.98
POST PAID

SLIMS as it S-L-I-D-E-S



SEND NO MONEY—Try it before you buy it!

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. E-23-F

487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for **FREE TRIAL** a FanFair Health Supporter Girdle. I will pay postman \$4.98 (plus postage) (sizes 36 and over \$5.98). If I am not thoroughly delighted, I may return FANFAIR within 10 days for refund of my purchase price.

My waist measure is _____ Hips are _____
(Measure around smallest part of WAIST, and largest HIP measurement.)

My Height is _____ (Write Clearly)

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

☐ **Save Money.** We pay postage if you enclose payment now.

Same **FREE TRIAL** and refund privileges.